

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

It is a comet that is racing through the sky—if a comet hit a planet, need a planet cry?

DIETLA's comet evidently judged that this country had trouble enough this year and lit out into space.

CHIEF JUSTICE SHEPHERD, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, began his business life as a telegraph operator in Washington.

A DERRICK rabbit preached a sermon on "How to Reconstruct American Home Life." One way is to begin early and use a slipper.

THE enraged bulls in a Mexican amphitheater charged on the spectators at a bull-fight, but the spectators did not applaud this sort of "sport."

A FARMER has secured the safe delivery of eggs by marking the box "dynamite," but that terrifying word would have no effect on the reckless grocery boy.

It is a duty to think of and for others, in small things as well as in great, to study their feelings, to cultivate sympathy, forbearance, goodwill and tenderness.

A BUFFALO coroner has been holding an inquest on the unearthed bones of a lot of Indians whose tribe became extinct over 200 years ago. The verdict was "good Indians."

SELF-DENIAL does not belong to religion as characteristic of it; it belongs to human life; the lower nature must always be denied when you are trying to rise to a higher sphere.

"SNOLLIGOSTER" is not a new word, unless the duration of an average lifetime counts for nothing in the age of a word. It certainly came into being before "skedaddle" did, and is, perhaps, fully as expressive and musical.

MRS. LANOTRY will send a three-foot-high doll—fashioned to be a miniature model of herself, to the Chicago Exposition. It is the knowledge that such work of art will be on view at the great show which will attract crowds of visitors to Chicago.

New York dealers recently bought more than 42,000 barrels of Kentucky whisky. Let there be some misunderstanding as to the use which New York proposes to make of this liquor, the Press states that it is intended for medicinal purposes only.

BISHOP NEWMAN says that "from the foundation of our Government the Sabbath day has been regarded as an American institution." It certainly was not an American institution for the 1,500 years between the birth of Christ and the celebrated transatlantic expedition of Mr. Columbus.

"If you contemplate going to the World's Fair," suggests the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche, "take a tent, a quantity of pemmican, corned beef and Liebig's extract, and a gondola. In this way you will be independent of the hotel-keepers and luckmen of Chicago." But you will have to pay 50 cents, mark you, to get into the grounds. You can't escape altogether.

An expert mathematician has been figuring on football, which is apparently becoming the principal study at most of our colleges. He says the energy displayed in the average game, if applied to the plow, would "break up twenty acres of the heaviest soil known in the country." No time should be lost in sending this information to the fathers of the young gentlemen students.

A "REGULAR" surgeon writing in a gilt-edged journal of surgery maintains the utility of caustic pastes of arsenic or zinc for treating cancerous tumors, and even pretends them to the knife, which calls forth from the Medical Record this comment: "We are brought by Dr. Robinson back to the treatment of our fathers, and we may add, of many successful quacks." Query: Is a quack one who holds fast to that which is good while others chase after false gods?

Prior HUXLEY thinks that results often attributed to overwork are sometimes due to under oxygenation, and consequent accumulation of waste matter which operates as a poison. "The depression of overworked organizations is very commonly the operation of some physiological candle stuff not properly burned." Those who have kept track of our article on autotoxemia will see that Prof. Huxley's idea is in full agreement with our own.

Of all the humbugs which demoralize this suffering world there are none worse than the gas and electric lighting registers. They are simple things, on their face, but the amount of lying which they do makes Satan appear a paragon of truthfulness. It doesn't matter to them whether gas is burned or not; they go calmly ahead making it appear that customers never extinguish the lights at all, and upon the damnable record which they make the public has to pay.

So far as the footpads, burglars and highwaymen of Chicago are concerned, they are having things so

easy at present that they cannot be much excited for them. A sure thing takes the life out of any business. If the police would vary the monotony of killing and clubbing innocent men by breaking the head of a thief occasionally, existence in that town would take on a livelier aspect. Even the "well-known criminal" must find the sort of thing now in vogue very dispiriting.

If a President of the United States should suddenly decide that he would like to give some festivities at the White House, at which every guest should be costumed in the dress of the time of Washington, he would very soon be criticised for extravagance, and if he asked for an appropriation for the purpose, he couldn't get it. But Emperor Wilhelm has just ordered his whole court of several hundred persons to turn into imitations of the Prussians of Frederick the Great's time, and no one dares to open his lips against the folly.

The proposition to make the gramme the unit of weight for gold coinage raises the question, "What is a gramme?" It is the one-thousandth part of the French weight, which is equal to 2.2046 avoirdupois pounds of 7,000 grains each. Therefore, it contains 15,432 grains, and the 23.22 grains of pure gold in the American dollar are equal to 1.505, or a trifle over one and a half grammes. And this suggests a point recently made to the effect that it is not well to shorten the spelling of the word "gram," for the reason that the word thus shortened is easily confounded with the word "grain."

They teach the art of cooking in Philadelphia public schools, and a class of ten girls, under the direction of a teacher, cooked a dinner in sight of the crowd of visitors at the food exhibition in that city last week. The dinner consisted of the following dishes: Tomato soup, scalloped mutton, tomato sauce, mashed potatoes, steamed celery and floating island. It took the girls fifty-seven minutes to prepare the dinner, including the time taken in cleaning up the dishes and utensils. The food was then passed around, and all who dared to venture tasted it and pronounced it good. There are objections to making the public schools a vehicle for all classes of manual instruction, but if girls cannot be taught how to cook in their own homes, it is better that they should learn in school than nowhere. Few things connected with daily life are of such importance.

The latest Boston science is oekology. The derivation of the term is evident. It is from the Greek oikos, meaning a house, and the familiar termination, logy, from logos. Hence we have, then, household science. This is housekeeping with its various departments, lifted among the learned pursuits. It will rank hereafter with philology, mineralogy, physiology, and archeology. We may now look for the establishment of a chair of oekology in Yale, with lectures on such subjects as: History of the Flapjack, How to Make a Bed, Early Forms of the Tea Biscuit, Condensation as Applied to Fats, etc. Graduates of the course will be known as O. B. O. M. or O. D., bachelor, master or doctor of oekology, as the case may be. It is strongly suspected that the new science is a device of the old maids of New England to create a matrimonial boom, if possible. The status of feminine learning can be kept at its present elevated level, but the degrees of the fair graduates, instead of being a matrimonial handicap, will become a recommendation. It will be said of a learned Bostonian, she is a distinguished oekologist, and the men, instead of shuddering, as they do at present, will flock eagerly about her. Much has been done of late to reconcile religion with science. A successful scheme has now been hatched to make our intellectual women, proficient in household duties, a marked improvement in the religious status of men will be an immediate result.

A Remarkable Lighthouse. One of the most wonderful light-houses in the world is that at Minot's Ledge, near Boston. Its history has been one of romance. The greater part of its foundation is under water at low tide. In 1847 a skeleton lighthouse of iron was erected there on iron piles placed in holes drilled in the rock. A furious hurricane burst upon the coast in April, 1851, and anxious watchers from the Cobasset shore thought the structure had been carried away. But as the sun sank, out shone the light across the storm-tossed waters. At 10 p. m. the light was seen for the last time. At one hour after midnight the fog bell was heard above the roaring of the breakers. At daybreak the ocean was a blank; the lighthouse was gone. Knowing that no help could reach them, the keepers had lighted their lamp as a warning to others, and their lives had gone out with it.

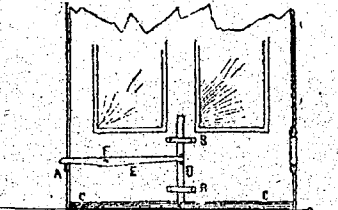
A grand tower now occupies the spot. So difficult was it to lay the foundation in the surf that only thirty hours' work could be done during the first year, but the tower stands to-day as enduring as the ledge itself—an isolated pile of stone amid the waves, by the force of which it is swayed like a tree in the wind. During the long winter months all communication with the land is shut off. In summer the occasional visitor is hoisted into the lighthouse from his boat by means of a chair, and from time to time a skiff is lowered by pulleys to convey one or another of the five keepers to the shore. The life tells on them frightfully. Several of them have been removed because they have gone insane, and more than one has attempted suicide.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

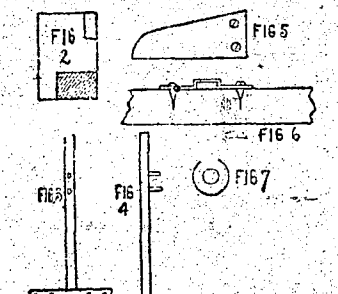
How to Close the Crack Under Your Door—Concerning Dairy Stock—Receipts for Sewing Machines, Etc.—An Education for Cuckers—General Farm Matters.

Weather Strips.
In most outside doors there is quite a crack between the door and the floor. The arrangement shown here, from Farm and Home, is made so that whenever the door is closed, a strip covered on the bottom with felt is pushed down against the crack, and as the door opens the strip rises so as to cut out of the way of the door when swinging back. In figure 1 a general view of the door is given with the parts of the weather strip arrangement slightly enlarged. CC is a strip of wood of any size desired, 1x1 1/2 inches being the most convenient. This strip is painted or stained and varnished, and may be made to match the door. Figure 2 shows a cross section of this strip. The shaded part is the felt strip glued in the corner.

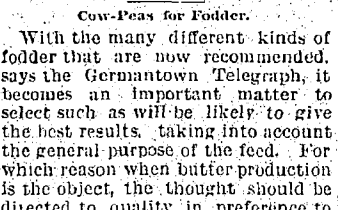


The piece cut away in the right-hand corner of figure 2 is a small piece cut out in the middle of the stake to receive a part of the piece D, shown in figure 1. This piece D may be either wood or iron, as desired, and reaches up a little beyond the lower panel in the middle of the door. It is held close to the door by the two clamps BB, shown by the section view in figure 6. These clamps may be easily made out of ribbons of iron, such as are used to fasten bundles of shingles. The upright D is fully illustrated in figures 3 and 4. A cross piece is placed at the bottom to CC, and about two-thirds the way up are two projections, shown in figures 5 and 6. If the piece D is of iron, they may be of one piece, only, but if wood is used, two screws may be used.

Between these two projections is the end of the latch E, which plays on a pivot, and is kept from the door and on a level with the front of D by a small washer. (See figure 7.) The part of the latch beyond the pivot is made heavier so that by its weight it keeps up the upright D and the strip CC. To the side of the door post, like the catch of a common latch, is fastened the piece A in figure 1, and also shown in full view in figure 5. The upper side of this strip is upward. Now whenever the door is opened, the heavy part at the latch, in figure 1, keeps the strip up from the floor, but whenever the door opens the end of the latch strikes A and runs up, thus pressing down CC against the floor, and so covering the crack. The thing is simple and easily made with a few tools.



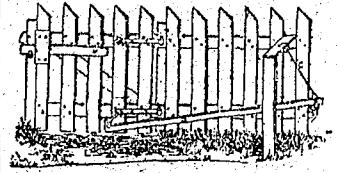
Cow-Peas for Fodder.
With the many different kinds of fodder that are now recommended, says the Germantown Telegraph, it becomes an important matter to select such as will be likely to give the best results, taking into account the general purpose of the feed. For which reason when butter production is the object, the thought should be directed to quality in preference to quantity. It is often the case that a smaller quantity of a superior quality is much to be preferred to a larger quantity of inferior quality. Now regarding the results from using cow-peas as a fodder in butter production, one who has been an extensive grower of them says they give a golden tint and a particularly pleasant aroma and delightful after taste to butter that no June pasture-fed cows will produce butter equal to that of cows fed cow-peas. The use of cow-peas milk is highly recommended, and this is probably the only way that Northern farmers could test the advantages to be derived, as the pea itself can hardly be matured in a northern climate. If the feed is in the market, it would be worthy of trial.



Dairy Stock.
The uncertainty of deciding the value of dairy stock by general appearance was recently demonstrated by a breeder of high-class dairy cows. According to Hoard's Dairyman, his herd had been carefully bred, and, in general way, he thought he was well acquainted with the proportionate value of each. He believed he could pick out the best, and did so, pricing a number of them to a distant prospective purchaser. This was before he had submitted the milk of any of them to chemical analysis—which of late has become so simple and cheap a process as to be within the reach of every dairyman. The test was a revelation to him: He discovered that the milk of one of the cows priced among the highest of the lot was yielding over sixteen pounds of butter per week, while he had not suspected her capable of the half of it. She was seven years old, and he raised her from a calf. A result somewhat similar followed the testing of another cow, and this was also a surprise; and still another, which was esteemed of far greater value than either, and was thought to be among the most profitable butter makers in the herd, showed a capacity of a trifle less than a pound a day. Luckily for the owner, the buyer was tardy in accepting the cat-

tle at the offer. A revision of prices and estimates followed. These tests did more toward convincing the breeder of the utter ambiguity of judging a dairy cow by her "looks" than a whole life of argument could have done. He names no prices for any of his cows until after they are tested. Then, he says, true value can be approximated with some degree of satisfaction.

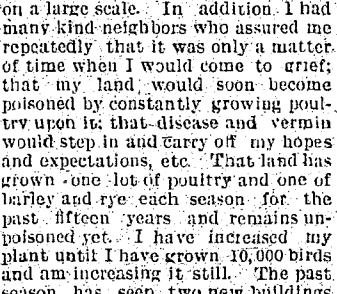
A Sure Gate Closer.
The annoyances resulting from open garden and lawn gates can be avoided by the contrivance shown in the accompanying illustration drawn from the American Agriculturist. This



A SELF-CLOSING GATE.
gate closer will not only close the gate every time it is opened to the usual width, but if the gate is swung completely back to the fence, it will also hold the gate open. This is a great convenience, as all realize who have tried chains or ropes with weights, and self-closing hinges or springs. With self-closing gates, the carelessness of children and callers will be overcome, and the trees and plants saved from injury by trespassing cattle and swine.

Scorch Instead of Scald.
It is quite a common practice in Europe to remove the hair from slaughtered pigs by burning instead of scalding. The heat has the same effect either way, in destroying the epidermis or outer skin, and thus removing the hair from the carcass. The method is as follows: Some dry straw is laid down and the pig is laid upon it, more straw is thrown on the carcass, and fire is set to it all that is required is to scorch the skin; it must not be burned. This is done as soon as the animal is dead and still warm, a blister is raised on the skin and the hair is loosened. It is necessary to manage the fire and turn the carcass so that the heat is distributed evenly and not too much of it is made. The carcass is then scraped in the usual manner.

Does Poultry Pay?
The question is often asked, "Does poultry pay?" The question is answered by the success of many. Mr. James Rankin, of Massachusetts, makes the following statements in the Iowa Homestead: "I am exceedingly cautious by nature, and public opinion has been against the success of the poultry business when undertaken on a large scale. In addition I had many kind neighbors who assured me repeatedly that it was only a matter of time when I would come to grief; that my land would soon become poisoned by constantly growing poultry upon it; that disease and vermin would step in and carry off my hopes and expectations, etc. That land has grown one lot of poultry and one of barley and rye each season for the past fifteen years and remains unpoisoned yet. I have increased my plant until I have grown 10,000 birds and am increasing it still. The past season has seen two new buildings added to the plant and I can truly say that I see no symptoms of either vermin or disease among any of my fowls for the past ten years. During the past season, notwithstanding the high price of grain, the returns have been highly satisfactory, as the prices for chickens and eggs have run higher than ever before. At present I am busily engaged in turning \$3,000 worth of corn, wheat and oats, bran, etc., into some \$7,000 or \$8,000 worth of poultry and eggs."



Bench for Sewing Machine.
The sewing horse illustrated will hold the heaviest harness firmly. Make a bench as shown, with top piece of 2-inch stuff; mortise a hole



through, large enough to put a common pair of clamps up through, having the hole the same width of the clamps, 4 from bottom. Mortise the hole to fit the taper of the clamps; by pulling them up through the taper of clamps will hold very solid. Clamps can be made out of oak single stave, the clamp ends being from around a knot.

Piggeries.
USE dry straw for bedding. SMALL hogs make the best meat. The eye of the sow fattens the stock. Oat meal with bran makes a capital ration. A THIEFING hog should never squal for his food.

A FEW hogs are necessary to eat up the waste. THE best way of feeding bran and oil meal is the slop. A LITTLE turpentine in the feed is good for worms in hogs. SELECT the largest, most growthy, and best sows for breeders.

THE most essential items with hogs are good health and thrift. It is always an item to feed growing pigs for bone and muscle.

ONE or more good brood sows is a positive necessity on every farm. Too much fat with growing pigs will check the growth of bone and muscle.

HOGS kept by neat, systematic farmers are generally the freest from disease. WHEAT skim milk is fed to the pigs a little bran and oil meal stirred in will greatly improve it.

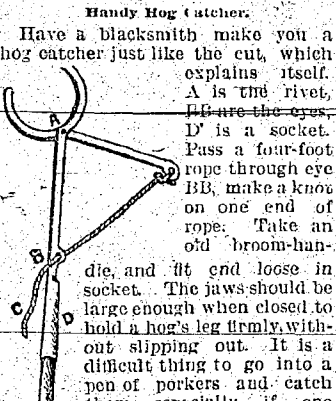
BROWN sows thrive better with plenty of range during the day and a warm place to sleep at night. THE start that a pig gets in the first three months of its life has much to do with its thrift and future profit.

GROWING a mass of fat in the shortest time possible is not all that is necessary to make a pig most profitable.

Winter Protection for Trees.

Some fruit growers have much trouble during the winter seasons from the depredations of mice among their small apple trees. Many of these trees are entirely girdled and rendered worthless. Where snow falls deep, but light, it allows the marauders to work freely along through the grass and stubble. The only thing that can be done by those who take no precautionary measures is to keep the snow tramped solidly about each tree. But it is much better to take care that another winter shall not find them unprotected. A bit of wire netting, or tarred paper, wrapped carefully about the base should give good protection, or a split tube or a flexible wooden covering may be applied. It does not pay to plant fruit trees, and care for them during the season, only to have them destroyed in the winter from lack of care. Litter and weeds of any kind about the base of an unprotected tree or near by in the orchard, are simply a cordial invitation to the mice to come in and shelter themselves. Young fruit trees may be protected from girdling by rabbits by wrapping the trunk with straw, hay, or cloth for one or two feet from the ground. Pieces of corn stalks, split in halves and tied around the tree, with the flat side next the trunk, will keep the rabbits from eating the bark. Rabbits girdle trees on clean ground, and mice those on weedy land. Should a tree be girdled, heaping earth around the fresh wound will sometimes save the tree.

Handy Hog Catcher.
Have a blacksmith make you a hog catcher just like the one which explains itself. A is the rivet, B are the eyes, D is a socket. Pass a four-foot rope through eye B, make a knot on one end of rope. Take an old broom-handle, and fit end loose in socket. The jaws should be large enough when closed to hold a hog's leg firmly without slipping out. It is a difficult thing to go into a pen of porkers and catch them, especially if one wants to single out one animal, says the Practical Farmer. Take the catcher by handle in right hand, and rope in left. Hold it to the hog's hind leg, pull by rope and you have the animal fast. The cost is very small, and the farmer will find it a saver of time and temper many times during the year.



Treatment for a Halter Puller.
Probably the best way to break a horse of halter or bridle pulling is to hitch him by the tail, i. e., by means of a rope about twenty feet long, put under his tail like a crupper, and then twist two or three times and each end run under a girth, and then passed through the nose-piece of the halter or rings of the bridle and hitched to a tree or post. This plan is recommended by Rockwell, and the writer has seen it tried with satisfactory results. A horse thus hitched, in attempting to break loose, is considerably surprised to find that the force and hurt comes not on the head, as he expected, and as it is natural for him to go from the hurt, he steps forward and ceases to pull. Baltimore American.

Tillage is Manure.
It is practically, although not technically true, that "tillage is manure." But tillage with manure is a safer rule, if you are after big and paying crops. In the same line of thought, science is a valuable aid to cultivation. That science with practice the combination that must unlock the secrets that lead to the highest agriculture and the most profitable farming.

Miscellaneous Recipes.
CUPPED POTATOES.—Boil, mash and season. Mold by pressing into a wet teacup. Coat each one with beaten egg and brown in the oven. WHAT EVER recipe for pancakes you may follow, one rule always holds good: Mix all the liquids together in one bowl, and the dry in another, then stir the liquid into the dry and there will never be any danger of lumping.

OATMEAL CAKES.—The cold oatmeal left from breakfast, mixed with an equal measurement of flour—that is, one cupful of flour to one of cooked meal, with one beaten egg, half a cupful of milk and a spoonful of baking powder, will make very nice pancakes.

SALT PORK.—Boil four or five pounds of pork which is partly lean, in plenty of water for an hour and a half. Take it out, remove the skin, cut gashes across the top, sprinkle with powdered sage, pepper and salt. Place in the oven until well browned.

FLANNELED CAKES.—Sift two teaspoonsful of baking powder and one of salt with a quart of flour. In an earthen bowl beat three eggs, add one and a half pints of milk and two ounces of melted butter; pour this mixture into the flour, beating vigorously the while.

APPLE AND PEAR MARMALADE.—Take equal quantities of such apples and pears as will cook well together, and to each pound when pared and cored, add three-quarters of a pound of preserving sugar. Cook over a slow fire, continually stirring until the fruit is quite soft. Store in the usual way.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take two quarts of ripe tomatoes, peel and put them in a pan, stew until soft; then add a tablespoonful each of salt, black pepper, mustard and allspice; when cold add a pint of good vinegar and strain through a sieve. Set it on the stove and let it simmer slowly for half an hour, and when cold seal in bottles.

STEWED LAMB WITH PEAS.—Take the neck or breast cut in small pieces and put in a stew pan with enough water to cover it. Cover closely and stew until tender, then add a quart of green shelled peas, adding more water if needed. Cook until the peas are tender, then add butter, salt and pepper; let it simmer a minute, then serve.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthily of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The Birth of Christ.
The lesson for Sunday, Dec. 27, may be found in Luke ii, 8-20.

We close with the lessons of 1892. Next year the International Series comes back again into the Old Testament and, this time, to the period of the minor prophets, beginning with Ezra i, 1-11. Returning from Captivity. We give below a few notes on the lesson:

LESSON NOTES.
Christ is the true Christmas gift.

Tell of Christ to others; that is good Christmas giving. Or do as the shepherds did—make it known abroad. Go with the good news or give money to send others. It is to humble shepherds that angels must resign the work they would long themselves to perform. God calls his chosen messengers from the lowliest. But they were faithful in their sphere; they were keeping watch. Has God given you a humble charge? Keep it well. To such God says, for higher employ: "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." As Dr. Gordon has said, "Well done! prepossessed well doing."

But if God gives you something better to do, arise and do it. He will look after the work you leave behind. Those sheep on the Bethlehem hillside had another warning in the "shepherd's" song. God will take care of the harts and nets; he has some one else for them. Leave all, and follow Jesus. Take it personally: "Unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." This day, Happy, happy Christmas morn, if it bring to you a Saviour, But, perhaps you already know him; then know him better, have larger faith in him. To you who believe he is present, "Let it be Christ the Lord." This day, Happy, happy Christmas morn, if it bring to you a Saviour, But, perhaps you already know him; then know him better, have larger faith in him. To you who believe he is present, "Let it be Christ the Lord."

May the Church of Jesus Christ, to hold anew the Son of God, and write its heavenly name clearer, stronger. A Saviour, Christ is the name, the name, George Heron is right about it. Every true conversion is only the beginning of the soul's discovery of the Saviour. A new apprehension of Jesus of Nazareth on the part of the church is what our age, blind and half-blind world is waiting for at this Christmas-tide. O Lord, open the eyes of thy servants that they may see wondrous things!

And after the vision, what then? Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. Too many of us look and listen, and then forget too few keep and ponder. But see the shepherds. They returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told them. That is they lived up to their lights. So great with many of us is the difference and distance between the light we have seen and the life we live. Great light, little enthusiasm; pure light, crooked walk; searching light, half-hearted conversion. "What is the matter with the Christians to-day that with so many of them there is slack joy, light fruit?" This brother pastor, full of faith and good works, answers for us: "Too many get no farther than the first glimpse of Jesus. Failing to use the whole truth given them, content simply to be healed of past sins, they go their way half devoted, only half given to the Master. Constantly, as new occasions for consecration, of gift and talent are unimproved, they keep falling behind, falling behind; until, presently, there really seems to be more that is devoted to self than there is devoted to Christ. Is it a happy life to lead? Nay, it is wretched. Come, then, brethren, to the place where the whole truth is given, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."

Fighting Without Firearms.
The medieval lance was 18 feet long. The Swiss pike was 18 feet long. The Greek pike was 24 feet long. The Roman javelin was 6 feet long. The petrary was a medieval catapult. PLATE armor was used from 1410 to 1600. The rabbi says, Cain killed Able with a club. The standard Roman sword was 27 inches. The helmet of Richard I. weighs 21 pounds. DAVID slew Goliath with a sling stone B. C. 1073. The first armor used was of skins and padded hides. The military sail came into use in the tenth century. The cross-bow came into use in the twelfth century. GERMAN helmets were ornamented with cow-horns. The French infantry were armed with the pike until 1640. The pulley-drawn cross-bow had a range of forty rods. RICHMOND had a suit of armor inlaid with gold and jewels. PROJECTIVE engines were first invented by the Greeks. VISIONED helmets were worn by the heavy Roman cavalry. MIXED chain and plate armor was used from 1300 to 1410. SPEARS are found in the earliest hieroglyphics of Egypt. The quarrels thrown by cross-bows often weighed 6 pounds. SWORDS were manufactured in England in the fifth century. DASSINUS' Unders were famous all over the world B. C. 500. The Norman armor had breeches and jacket in the same piece. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS abolished all armor but a light cuirass. GREEK infantrymen were always trained in stone-throwing.

Types and Printing.
ITALIC type was first made by Aldus about 1476. ITALIAN printing was first practiced at Imbriaco in 1465. THE Biblia Pauperum, a book-book, was printed in 1400. PRINTING was introduced into Spain at Barcelona in 1475. CHINESE movable types were first made about A. D. 972. PRINTING in different colors was first done by Faust in 1555. JOHN FATER established his printing office at Mainz in 1473. THE Roman characters were first used in types at Rome in 1467. PRINTING was introduced in Paris; Milan, and Venice in 1469. IN A. D. 1000 printing had become almost universal in China. URSIN 1465, all the types made were black letter, or old English. IN A. D. 1522 the "Nine Classics" were printed in China, book form. GUTTENBERG'S Bible of 1457 was printed on vellum; 637 pages.

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK

New Way to Pay Church Debts—A Fatal Fire—Crops in the State—Michigan's share at Bay City and Alpena.

From For and Near.

KINROSS, near the Sault, is to have a postoffice.

CHARLEVOIX people want an electric light plant.

SAGINAW'S Y. M. C. A. is figuring on erecting a large new home.

THE Michigan Central's new depot at West Bay City is opened to the public.

JOHN KAMPSON, of Iron Mountain, got six months in prison for stabbing a companion.

FREDDIE FREDERICKSON, of Gladstone, leads this year's list of drowning while skating.

OWEGO to the prevalence of diphtheria all schools were closed. The river has been closed at Alpena.

JAMES JORDAN, a Saginaw butcher, was arrested on a charge of using bad weights and scales.

THE grocery store of Colin D. McKonzie, at Alpena, was burned, together with the stock of goods.

A SNAKE of John Snell, of Rea, was severely cut about the head by an ugly ram. His recovery is doubtful.

A YEAR-OLD Finnish boy, with an unpronounceable name, was run over and killed by a train near Newberry.

THE C. & N. W. Road paid \$2,300 to Mrs. Frank Derouin, of Escanaba, whose husband was last spring killed by a train.

It is reported by good authority that the Illinois Central will extend its line to the mining section of the Upper Peninsula.

DICKINSON COUNTY people will in all probability vote next spring on the question of bonding the county for a new jail.

THE hunters of Schoolcraft County boast that in that section of the State it is impossible to convict a man of violating the game laws.

J. W. WAGGONER tried to jump an \$18 board bill at a Saginaw hotel. A marshal caught him at St. Louis. He was brought back, and settled.

BAY CITY'S bridge commission has \$18,000 on hand. The Milwaukee Bridge Company and several of the concern's former employes are suing for it.

THE M. E. Society of Bad Axe canceled a debt by raising 325 bushels of carrots on a small piece of land, donated by a member of the society. The elder and his parishioners did all the hoeing.

CHAWFORD BROS.' minstrel troupe is in trouble here. The recovery of the troupe is suing for wages said to be due him. He is a Finckoning boy and the troupe is at present playing in Michigan.

MR. CLEMENS' tax-payers are considerably agitated over the announcement that every cent the charter will allow is down on the tax list this year. The citizens are wondering how future improvements can be provided for.

THE West Bay City School Board held a protracted session over the diphtheria question. There was a lively debate, after which the Board authorized a committee to make an investigation, and gave it power to close the schools if deemed necessary.

ALTHOUGH but 500 people live in East Jordan, that village supports four dry-goods stores, eight groceries, six clothing stores, a hair-dresser, stores three drug stores and four saloons. She has four churches, all of which have a hard struggle for existence, but she thinks she could support another saloon.

WHILE on the witness-stand at Saginaw one time, Charles A. Gabel was continually being warned by a certain attorney to tell nothing of what he saw, not absolutely sure. Soon after the same attorney asked him where he was born. Charles replied that he didn't know, as all his information on that point was merely hearsay.

RICHMOND merchants have adopted the early closing scheme.

THE lumber cut at Alpena for the season up to date is 177,000,000 feet.

H. W. RAWLINGS, of Denton, was dangerously injured in a runaway.

NEARLY all the mills on the Saginaw River have now gone out of commission.

JOHN COX, of Iron Mountain, had his skull fractured by a falling limb of a tree.

An incendiary fired a \$1,500 residence at Kawkawlin. A church was also damaged.

JOHN CASHIN, of Lake City, was badly crushed, being struck on the hip by a heavy log.

ARTHUR HILL, of Saginaw, is said to be "not a horse possibility in the Senatorial race."

An unknown man accidentally had a horrible gash cut in his neck with an ax in a lumber camp at Sault's Head.

WHILE trying to carry a blazing lamp out of the house, May Simmonds, of Cedar Run, was seriously burned.

Edgar's Store, near Saginaw, is a small place, but the grocery store there does a \$1,000-business per month.

Mrs. KYNSTON, of Menckaupe, who was badly burned by the explosion of a lamp some time ago, is dead.

The Bliss Hospital, at Saginaw, under the auspices of the M. E. Church, has opened a training school for nurses.

<

CHRISTMAS



A good old-fashioned Christmas like we had so long ago!

Now that's the thing I'd like to see again before I die. But Christmas in the city here—it's different. On my street, the crowd of the slushy, noisy street. An' the crowd upon the faces of the strangers that you meet.

Oh, there's buyin' plenty of it, of a lot of gorgeous toys. An' it takes up money to please modern girls and boys. Why, I mind the time a jack-knife an' a toy-gun was all the fun. Made 'em feel like a king, an' a queen, 'n' a lord, 'n' a lady.

An' there's feastin'. Think o' feedin' with these stuck-up folk! Why, we have to speak in whispers, an' ye can't crack a joke. Then remember how the tables looked all crowded with your kin. When you couldn't hear a whistle blow across the merry din!

You see I'm so old-fashioned I don't care much for style. An' by night your jaws were achin' with you smilin' four inches wide. An' your enemy the boy's son, you'd just grab his hand an' say: "Mebbe, both of us was wrong, John. Come, let's shake it. It's Christmas Day!"

Mighty little Christmas spirit seems to dwell in every city wall. Where each snowflake finds a spot-like for a brother's smile. Mighty little Christmas spirit! An' I'm pisin' don't you know. For a good old-fashioned Christmas like we had so long ago.

SOMETHING TANGIBLE.



I was tired; the look of ennui on the stern, cold face, the drawn expression about the eyes, the listless pose of the body, the aimless, uncertain wandering of the thin, nervous fingers bespoke it, verified it, made it yes; he was tired.

As he gazed about his elegant offices, now deserted by the clerk, he saw the suggestion of wealth, power, and high financial standing had no charm to evoke enthusiasm. To Richard Penrith the handsome balance in the ledger, the princely securities locked up in the mass'ive safe, the plump bank account at the great trust institution across the way, were no more at that moment than a heap of dross, a bundle of withered autumn leaves.

One o'clock in the afternoon; the clerks had gone home, and he sat lost in gloomy, profitless, motiveless reverie. Two—he still stared at vacancy, thinking of nothing, everything, wishing the wheels of existence would never stop, feeling as lonely and out of his element in the festive prospects of the next day, as if he was an uncongenial spirit from another world.

Three o'clock. From the stone-paved court below, there was wafted to his hearing the merry voices of young clerks and messenger boys engaging in the pranks and capers that followed the last "setting up" of the year. The hearty, boyish accents made him wince. How long it seemed since he was a boy! How many years since he put love, emotion, every human sentiment, into a sealed casket, buried it in a deep, and became a cold, money-making machine! With a sigh, bitter and resentful, he put on his hat, hurried from the office, stepped into his handsome carriage at the curb below, and was driven homeward down the magnificent boulevard, one of the richest, certainly the most wretched, of men in all the great city.

The portals of his princely home opened to admit him to luxury and comfort a king might covet. His sister, who directed in domestic affairs and well maintained the social status of the establishment, met him, attired with the elegance of a queen. "Richard, we shall need you tonight."

He frowned irritably. "What is it now?" he queried.

"A reception. I expect two generals, an artist, and some of the best people of our set. Do try and come out of your shell of uncongeniality for once."

"And shrivel in the hypocritical glare of false friendship and hollow pleasure?" he interrupted bitterly.

"No, sister. I thank you, but a quiet corner for me. I am tired—I am weary of all this show, vanity and vain labor. Five years a drudge, five more a cynical, flat-headed money-maker, and what is the recompense? His sister stared at him in amazement. The recompense? Was the man going mad? Wealth, social eminence, a proud name! What heights

could possibly lay beyond that pinnacle of earthly grandeur and success? "Excuse me for to-night," pleaded Penrith. "I am tired of it all. Oh, if out of it all I could extract one grain of comfort, one genuine emotion of enjoyment—something akin to the old boyish zest—something tangible!"

Something tangible! He dwelt on the words at the stately dinner table. They lingered with him as he tried to settle down to a quiet smoke in the library. There arose in his mind a picture of the past. It was poverty, obscurity then; but a thought of the bare-footed rambles through the woods, of the real coziness of the little attic-room back at the old homestead, of ambitions tinged with ideal sentiment and glowing hopes, glorified the years now dead.

He glanced from the window at the dying day. Mournful, impressively cold, repellent, unlovely, seemed the wilderness of stately mansions and stiff, precise equipages on the street without. How different the dear old village where he was born! The narrow streets, its quaint homes, its heart-warming people floated across his vision now, and seemed part of another world.

It was not so very far away. That little country town nestling among the hills was only an hour's ride from the great metropolis. Was he getting sentimental? What was this strange impulse that lured him to steal thither like a thief ashamed, and try to warm the frozen currents of his dream-life at the ashes of a dead past?

Ah! the dear old town. How natural it looked! The old red school-house, the rickety depot, the broad common—once again, for the first time in ten years, Richard Penrith trod his native soil that night.

He wandered about the place like an uneasy ghost haunting the scenes of former experiences. He felt a keen pang of actual envy as he peered through the frost-crested windows of the homely village store, and saw its proprietor, happy, serene, all one glow of perfect delight over the gathering in of an extra few dollars for holiday business. Why! a turn of stock in the city often meant a fortune for him, and yet scarcely stirred a nerve!

All heart, all sympathy, all human, simple felicity! What a paradise, compared to the hot-house, superficial life of the city! He paused as a name spoken by a bent, old man, passing with a companion, struck his ear with a shock.

"It's all Miss Naomi's doing, sir. Bless her dear heart! She's nursed my wife back to health, she's got my boy a situation, and we ain't the first that angel of charity has helped."

"Miss Hewitt is a great friend to the poor, yes."

"Naomi," Miss Hewitt, Richard Penrith stood stock still on the snowy street. A slight flush surmounted his eyes, his eyes grew larger, then tender.

Strange how he had forgotten her—stranger still that after all these years the sudden recurrence of that once treasured name could stir his nature as it had not been moved for nearly a decade!

He tried to smile at the memory of their boy and girl love, but failed. Something choked him as he walked on, and paused to peer through the windows of a neat, pretty cottage. Yes, there was the "best room," brightly lighted, and old Mrs. Hewitt seated knitting, surrounded by coziness and warmth. There was the pretty rustic porch. How often he had kissed Naomi good-night under the dew-splangled vines surrounding it. All was the same, only the vines were dead and drooping now. All was the same. His heart gave a great bound as the vivid lamp-light showed a little framed portrait on the wall; his picture as he had been, treasured, esteemed faithfully by the winsome lass he had sacrificed to the cold, cynical demands of gold.

He fell to wondering how Naomi looked now. She was not visible about the house, and he strolled reluctantly on, and passing people stared suspiciously at him. He felt toward the corner. Ah, another reminder of the past, the old church, its glowing portals an open welcome to all the weary and hungered, and penitent.

He entered and gazed to an obscure pew. It took him back ten years. How a certain watch-night meeting one New Year's Eve long ago came back to his mind! Naomi was there then, and he was her "company." Why! Naomi was here now! Yes! his heart thrilled as he made her out.

Changed? Yes, as gentle years of sympathy, and purity, and love for fellow mankind change the face of a saint. The glory of perfect womanhood in her kindly beaming eyes made Richard Penrith shrink at a sense of his own callous unworthiness.

Angelic influences were here to-night, surely. The white-haired preacher seemed to appeal to his heart as to a brother's. He was distressed, awakened, and then a peaceful calm swayed his soul—he hated the things he had loved, he realized the hollowness of the bright bauble he had striven for, holding at its call only bitter dust and light.

How his heart beat! It must have been dead for years? New Year's chimes ringing, he stood on the church porch, he timidly advanced to the side of the trim, loving, fond woman he had watched all the evening.

"Naomi—Miss Hewitt, do you not remember me?"

Her face paled, her little hand trembled as he grasped it. Then her soul beamed out in honest welcome, and then—

"They were boy and girl again, 'keeping company,' walking home from watch-meetings as you, and the holy stars smiled down.

Richard Penrith bade Naomi Hewitt good-by at the cottage porch only to return the next day.

At evening he returned to the city to be greeted with dismay at his unexplained absence by his sister.

"You have alarmed us, Richard. So unlike you, too. But you look better. I declare! You haven't seemed like your own self for some time."

"Yes," replied the brother, his eyes sparkling, "I have determined to turn over a new leaf."

"Indeed! Give up your cigars—come out in society?"

"As a married man, yes."

"Richard!"

"I mean it, sister," spoke Richard Penrith, solemnly and earnestly. "This New Year's day has taught me to value the true pleasures of life—not wealth, not power, not pride."

"Ah! You have found something else, Richard?"

"Yes," replied Richard Penrith, tenderly. "Back at my boyhood's home, back where Naomi is waiting for me to claim her as my wife, I have found—something tangible—love!"

MARGARET MARION.

CHRISTMAS ON THE FARM.

The Day Should Be One of Joy and Happiness in the Rural Home.

Because the regular routine of chores has to be gone through 365 days a year is no reason why Christmas and other holidays should not be days of gladness and good cheer upon the farm.

Make the same provision the day before, for the lessening the amount of work that must be done, as you do for Sunday; then let it be done up as quickly as possible as thoroughly as will allow, and we believe in showing "good will" to even the dumb brute by giving them an extra allowance of feed, either in quality or quantity—not that we think they have any appreciation of the day or motive that prompts it, but they will appreciate the fact. The work done up, turn about to have just as good a time as possible—a day full of joy and happiness because the pleasure of others is sought more than the gratification of self.

If the home consists of only "wife and I," see that wife has as much attention and "waiting on" as when you were courting her. If there is sleighing the old times be all the better revived, if not, and the wheeling is not good, just make the day one of the best in which to see your "girl."

If the home nest has birdlings in it, have a romp with these; if the "birdlings" have grown to be "great strapping fellows," show them that father can be a boy with them and have a good time at hunting, trapping, or whatever they choose.

If those who bless your home are fair maidens of "sweet sixteen," or any other age, consult their wishes and tastes as to how the day is to be used. In either of the last three cases be sure the wife and mother is consulted and her wishes put first.

When these hired help, have the day a glad one for them, too, whether they wish to seek enjoyment elsewhere or in the home of their employer.

Americans do not take enough holidays. American farmers do not take enough or long enough. Try taking more leisure, begin with New Year's, 1893, and continue at intervals through the year, and see if Christmas '93 does not find you younger and less worn-out than Christmas 1892 did.

HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Don't ask your child what he wants unless you intend giving it to him. Though money makes the mare go, it makes Santa Claus come.

Don't buy your best girl a present on the installment plan, she might jilt you before you had made all the payments.

Rub the price mark off the present unless it is an expensive one.

If you wish to surprise your girl never ask her what she would like for Christmas.

When you have the Christmas tree up, it doesn't mean that you have it fixed up.

At Christmas time it is well enough to ape the English as far as the plum pudding is concerned.

Some persons never wish you a merry Christmas, unless they think they will get something for doing so. Santa Claus would never make a school-master. Whatever is good he puts at the foot of the stocking.

The bachelor who puts his thumb into the boarding-house Christmas pie is apt to pull out a collar button.

Judge.

Last Year's Christmas Gifts.

I wonder where last year's Christmas presents are? A great many of them have gone into the shades of the dust bin, a great many of them are nuisances around houses, a great many of them have been kept to give to somebody else this year. I suppose some of them have been and are religiously kept. Everybody has some little keepsake, often the least costly, that he does not want to part with.

Who knows? A little hand has wrapped it in silk paper and tied it with blue ribbon, and the ribbon is around it yet, wraps the paper too. There is a little tender note in the packet signed with a little tender name, and it carries indestructibly the whispers of a tender love. The little hand has possibly slipped him since, and rested affectionately before the minister in another's palm; but that little package recalls a lot of sweetness, and in the seclusion of his thoughts, even in the ecstasy of a new love, he says to himself, "If I hadn't found her out!"

—San Francisco Chronicle.

The New Leaf.

January 1. Swore off.

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The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, DEC. 22, 1902.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Prohibition vote in the recent election was about one hundred thousand greater than it was four years ago.

There is a town in Texas named Boot Hill, and every time Cleveland reads about it his foot flies up.

The Florida tobacco grower's association demand that the present duty on tobacco be maintained in order to sustain their industry.

The Bay City Tribune believes that General Alger's name will be prominently discussed before the contest closes for Senator.

Look out in the next Congress for the old \$70,000,000 cotton tax refund steal. A strong effort will be made to get it through.

The Democrats won the late election; whisky has since risen in price. Do these two events stand in the relation of cause and effect?

The man who will read President Harrison's message through will know more about the progress and condition of this country than if he had studied political economy for a decade. *Blade.*

The *Osage Co. Herald* is now publishing articles opposed to the Pension policy of the government, which equal the attacks of the *Durham N. C. Globe*, on pensions. New converts to anything always out-herd the old-liners in their zeal and brashness.

How beautiful the free traders will snuff the odious sugar trust if they restore the duty on imported sugar! The trust would grow fat at a furious rate on that sort of snuffing—and the people would pay the freight. *N. Y. Press.*

The democracy are "in the saddle", and the drafted men of Michigan are organizing for the purpose of pressing their claims for the return of the \$300 which they each paid for exemption. The next thing will be a demand for bounty and pensions.

Fred W. Sherman, of the Port Huron Times is a candidate for the position of State Inspector of Oils. Fred is a hustler, an all round Republican, and a splendid representative of the young Republican element of the State.

Belknap, the republican candidate for Congress, in the Fifth District, has been counted out. The returning board gave Richardson, populist and democrat, ten majority. To do this they threw out 921 ballots, which was more than were thrown out in all the other districts. Democrats never steal! Oh, no!

Representative Anthony, of Texas, has introduced a bill in the house to repeal the act of June 27th, 1890, granting pensions to soldiers and to widows, minor children and dependent parents of soldiers and sailors. It also provides for the discontinuance of all pensions granted under the act.

Dr. C. W. Brown, of Mt. Pleasant, has been taken to the Soldiers Home, at Grand Rapids. His mind has been failing for some time. The first evidence of failing mentality was his conversion to democracy, since which time he has become a mental and physical wreck.

Col. B. F. Graves, of the soldiers' home board of managers, says the board will ask for an appropriation of \$82,000 to meet the current expenses of the institution for the coming year. The expenditures for the past fiscal year were \$70,000. There are now 883 inmates in the home.

If the democrats lack a majority in the United States Senate it is almost to be hoped that they will succeed in stealing a seat or two. The people have manifested a desire to experiment, and the efforts of the democracy in that direction should not be impeded. *Bay City Tribune.*

Are "the poor growing poorer?" The President's message shows that the number of depositors in saving banks have increased from 693,870 in 1890 to 4,238,893 in 1900. In those 30 years our population has doubled, while the number of depositors is now over six times what it was in 1890.

The relics of the Knights of the Golden Circle, that have been permitted to remain in and about Prairie Creek, Vico Co., Indiana, since the war, celebrated the return of the Solid South to the control of the Government, by burning an American flag. The G. A. R. post at that place is making an effort to learn the names of the men who committed the dastardly act. *American Tribune.*

At a regular meeting of the Women's Relief Corps, held Dec. 10th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Mrs. Isabelle Jones, President.
E. Trumbley, Sec. Vice Pres.
M. Wilcox, Jr., Vice Pres.
M. Woodburn, Treasurer.
M. E. Hanson, Chaplain.
M. Chalker, Conductor.
R. Forbes, Guard.

Frederic Items.

Mr. E. Cobb, wife and daughter, leave to-morrow night for Detroit to spend the holidays.

Several cases of diphtheria are reported at Ward's camp.

Men with or without teams can find plenty of work here.

Mr. L. Jensen, of Lewiston, and Thos. Woodfield, of Bagley, were in town Sunday.

We understand there is to be a Christmas tree and entertainment at the Town Hall, Saturday Eve.

John Cameron has started a cedar tie camp, three miles south of town and has moved his family there for the winter.

RESIDENT.

The solid south joins with the British in rejoicing over the great democratic victory. The south has cheap labor and so has Great Britain, but the Southern people, however, give different reasons for rejoicing and some of the leading papers do not hesitate to state these reasons. The *Durham (N. C.) Daily Globe* has this to say: "Cleveland, the brave Buffalo boy, who slapped the dirty pension beggars in the face, is to steer the ship of State—he is to see to it that the South which loves him and has honored him has decent recognition. What the South wants—and we will tell the truth just now—is to have the scoundrels who have been pillaging the country and looting the National treasury, choked off the public teat for a while, and the people down here want pay for what the North burned and stole during the conflict which was called a civil war. It will take a few millions to pay the honest claims, but they should be paid, and they will be paid, now that the party of Calhoun, the party of the brave Jeff Davis, and the party of honest government, sits in the saddle."

THE CHEAPEST LITERATURE IN THE WORLD.—The January number of *The New Peterson* places the successor of an old-time magazine in the front rank of literary periodicals. The list of contributors contains over fifty names of the most popular authors in the country, such as Edward Everett Hale, Thos. Wentworth Higginson, Amelia Rives Chandler, Minot J. Savage, R. H. Davis, Joseph Kirkland, John Vance Cheney, Gertrude Atherton, etc. This opening number is an artistic gem from the dainty cover to the last page of the contents. It is profusely illustrated in a very superior manner, and the paper and typography are exquisite. Among the leading articles are: "The Court of Last Resort," by Octave Thanet; "Philadelphia, a Comparative Study," by Talcott Williams; "The Christmas Mail," by M. G. McClelland; "Lucinda," by the author of "Pards"; "The Evolution of the Fireside," by Minot J. Savage; "A Grumble," by R. H. Davis; and poems by Florence Earle Coates, Charles W. Coleman, Madeline S. Bridges, and others of our leading poets. The price, two dollars a year is simply phenomenal. *The New Peterson* is a positively unique undertaking, and its success is insured from the outset. Address THE PETERSON MAGAZINE COMPANY, Philadelphia.

A great change has come over the spirit of the Democrats. One hears no more about the immediate repeal of the McKinley tariff and the beginning of an almost free trade era, which every Democrat was advocating a few days ago. The same fellows are talking about "moderation," a "gradual change" and preservation of our "business interests." Protection is no longer unconstitutional in the eyes of the Democrats, who are now promising that instead of the repeal of the McKinley law, at the extra session which it seems generally to be agreed among them is to be held in the fall of next year, if not before, they will merely lower some of the duties that are considered by the conservative people, even in the Republican party, entirely too high, and extend the free list a little in the line of raw material used by American manufacturers. In short, if the Democrats who are doing the talking really represent those who are going to do the bossing when the new Congress gets into power, the Democratic party through its newly elected Congress and President will endorse the principle of protection to American industries, which it so vigorously abused and protested against in its National platform and through its newspapers and stump speakers by enacting a protective tariff law, differing no whit or tittle from the McKinley law in principle, but merely as to the extent to which the protective feature of our tariff shall be carried. Of course there may be no sincerity in this talk—there never was much in anything that emanated from the Democratic party—which may be indulged in now by order of the bosses for the purpose of allaying panicky feeling which so closely followed the Democratic victory. Time will show whether the Democrats were really fighting for the power to make radical changes in our financial policy, or merely for the offices. *Albany Pioneer.*

We clip the following special from the *Detroit Tribune*:

Evart, Mich., Dec. 19th.—Judith M. Blakeslee, of Saginaw, a stenographer employed by C. H. Rose of this village, was found dead in a bath-room at the house of Mr. Rose, where she was boarding, Sunday afternoon. Appearances indicate heart disease.

Grove Items.

Mrs. W. C. Johnson is making an extended visit to her old home in the Southern part of the State, and will not return until after the holidays.

W. W. Metcalf is making the sawlogs fly at his camp in this township.

A. DeWaele, who is teaching school in Dist. No. 3, of this township, is doing well, this being the first term.

Miss Mary Francis, is attending school at Rosemont, and reports Prof. Huffman a fine teacher. She has accepted a position in the Choir there.

A number of the farmers are talking of attending the Farmers' Institute at Grayling.

NOW AND THEN.

The Prairie Farmer.

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LONE ROCK OF THE SEA

THE FAMOUS BEACON AT EDDYSTONE ROCK.

A Lighthouse Which Has Had Several Predecessors, One Having Been Swept Away with Its Builder—Vainly Assailed by Terrible Storms.

Guides the Mariner.

Of all lighthouses the most familiar is the one structure which proudly rears its head above the dangerous Eddystone rock, on the English coast. The earliest intimation of a lighthouse on the Eddystone dates back as far as 1664, when the proposal was made by Sir John Corryton and Henry Brunker, but nothing further transpired regarding the scheme. The first lighthouse was built by Henry Winstanley, who began his difficult task in 1696 and completed it four years later. The structure was of wood, and Winstanley soon discovered that it was not strong enough to withstand the terrible storm which rolled in from the Atlantic. Accordingly he remodeled and strengthened it considerably, and it being intimated to the architect that the lighthouse would certainly be overthrown, he replied that he should only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew, in order to see its effect upon the structure. His wish was gratified, for a dreadful tempest raged in 1703, while he and

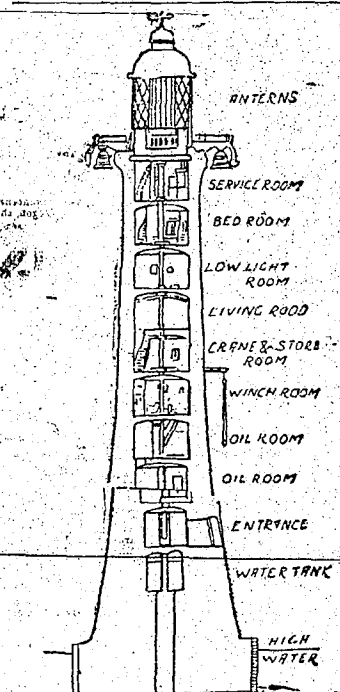


A PERILOUS LANDING.

his workmen and lightkeepers were in the building, which carried away the lighthouse and its inmates, and all perished in the sea, the only sign remaining being the larger iron whereby the work was fixed to the rock. It is regarded by the Strand Magazine as very remarkable that at the same time this catastrophe happened the model lighthouse at Winstanley's residence in Essex fell down and was broken to pieces.

Other Structures Blown Away.

It being absolutely necessary, as navigation increased, that a guiding light should be maintained upon this reef, it was decided to construct a second lighthouse, and in 1704 John Rudyard (a common laborer's son, who rose to the position of a silk merchant on Ludgate Hill) commenced building out of wood upon a stone and timber foundation, the general design—a cone-shaped column—being much more appropriate. With the third Eddystone lighthouse is associated the more familiar name of John Smeaton, who in 1759 completed a tower entirely of stone, which was considered at the time as one of the wonders of the world. The



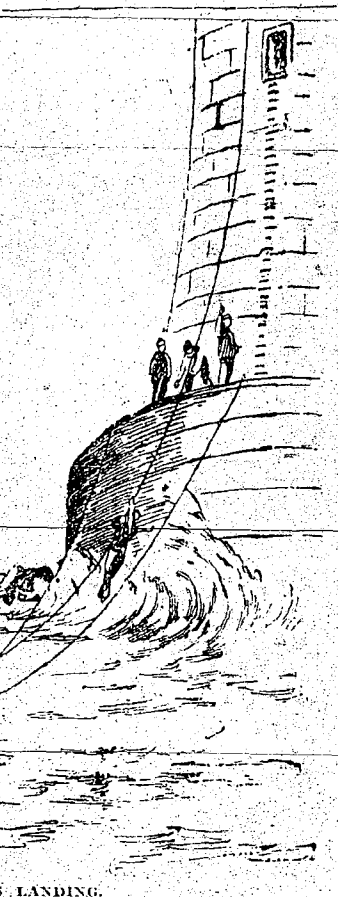
EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE—SECTIONAL VIEW.

tower was built of moorstone (the true granite), found in the neighborhood of Plymouth, and the first block was laid on a Sunday in June, 1757, the exact date being deeply inscribed in the stone itself, and after four years' labor upon the rock, hindered by innumerable obstacles and dangers, the lighthouse was satisfactorily completed without any loss of life or limb. Every stone was ingeniously dovetailed to its neighbor, and so substantial was the whole structure that the most violent storms had no effect upon it, although the waves would frequently envelop the tower like a sheet, raising at times to double its height and totally hiding it from view.

Plan of the Present Lighthouse.

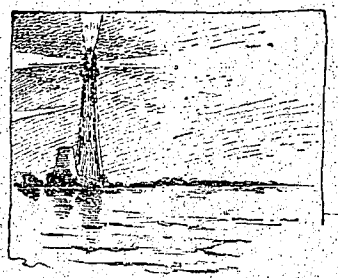
The present Eddystone lighthouse, opened in 1882, was completed in three and a half years, and is fouled on the actual body of the reef at a distance of forty yards from its predecessor. Sir James Douglass greatly improved upon Smeaton's design in adopting a cylindrical base instead of the curved shaft commencing at the foundation—this base not only preventing the heavy seas from breaking upon the structure, but affording a convenient landing platform. Operations in connection with the Douglass lighthouse were begun in July, 1878, the men during the early stage being compelled to work below the

level of low water, and about twelve months later the foundation stone was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh, who, two years later, also placed in position the top stone of the tower. The stones are of granite, dovetailed together, and up to a height of twenty-five feet above high-water level the tower is solid, with the exception of a large water-tank let into it. From the same level to the center of the lantern is 130 feet, that is, nearly double the height of Smeaton's tower. It contains nine compartments, as compared with four in Smeaton's, and all the rooms have domed ceilings, their height from floor to apex being 9 feet 9 inches, and the diameter 14 feet.



A PERILOUS LANDING.

with the exception of the two oil rooms, which are somewhat smaller. On carrying that no journalist, intent on describing the Eddystone lighthouse, had hitherto succeeded in landing on this most difficult rock, my eagerness to attempt the feat was considerably emphasized. The steam tug *Deerhound*, specially chartered for the relief, is in readiness.



THE STEAM TUG DEERHOUND, A PERILOUS LANDING.

ness, and our party includes the principal light-keeper, an assistant keeper, two skilled mechanics for lighthouse repairs, and three or four visitors who are curious to inspect the lonely sea home for which we are bound. When stores are taken in and everybody is on board, the signal is given, and off we start in a southerly direction.

Making a Perilous Landing.

When the tug arrived close to the rock anchor was cast, and a couple of lines were thrown on board from those on the reef. With these the tug was made fast, bow on to the lighthouse, and then a strong rope is let down from a crane on the tower and made fast on the visiting boat. Each of those desiring to land grasps this line, puts his foot in a loop attached thereto and is then hoisted to the landing stage, experiencing meanwhile the thrilling sensation of hanging on a rope in mid-air, jerking and swaying over the boiling surf, with the salt spray dashing in his face. From the landing stage the entrance is approached by a ladder formed by a series of gun metal rungs let into the stonework. After our recent exertion we make for the kitchen and enjoy a plain, substantial meal, followed by a smoke and a chat, then escorted by Tom Cutting (third lightkeeper), I make a detour of the building. Under foot is the water tank, capable of holding 3,000 gallons. The walls are nine feet thick at this point and the gun metal doors weigh a ton, thus massively constructed in order to withstand the shock of heavy seas.

The Light and Living Rooms.

Thence, by a flight of sixteen steep iron steps (a similar flight connects each room), we proceed to the next compartment, where, as well as in that above it, is kept the mainstay



AFTER THE BLIZZARD.

of the light. In these two oil-rooms the mineral oil is stored, each of the huge cisterns being capable of containing 140 gallons, a quantity which will not be much more than enough to last nine months. In the next compartment—the winchroom—are two doors for receiving stores from

the boat or ice as the case may be, working through a hatchway, or either door, as well as for receiving and unloading in rough weather. The kitchen is a large room, and where the two small pipes for hot and cold water enter the building, and where the light-keepers' quarters are situated.

Still ascending, we reach the lantern room, a circular structure, an apparatus for giving a white, steady, subsidiary light. The light-keepers' quarters are situated in the lantern room, with berths, washbasins and lavatories, with crockery cabinets and below are cupboards for clothes; the two speaking tubes fixed on the wall are connected with the lantern and low lightroom respectively, so that the keeper on night duty can easily communicate with his sleeping mates should an accident happen, and assistance be required. Considerable space is devoted to the two pressure pumps for supplying oil to the lamps by means of weighted rams, which, being first raised by a pumping lever, descend gradually into the oil, forcing it up the pipes into the lantern. The chief work performed in the service room is at night, when the light is going and the keepers on duty. The lantern is a large, cylindrical structure, surrounded by a series of glass panes, and is supported by a framework of iron. The lantern is a large, cylindrical structure, surrounded by a series of glass panes, and is supported by a framework of iron.

Surmounting the last flight of stairs, we enter the lantern room, a circular structure, an apparatus for giving a white, steady, subsidiary light. The light-keepers' quarters are situated in the lantern room, with berths, washbasins and lavatories, with crockery cabinets and below are cupboards for clothes; the two speaking tubes fixed on the wall are connected with the lantern and low lightroom respectively, so that the keeper on night duty can easily communicate with his sleeping mates should an accident happen, and assistance be required. Considerable space is devoted to the two pressure pumps for supplying oil to the lamps by means of weighted rams, which, being first raised by a pumping lever, descend gradually into the oil, forcing it up the pipes into the lantern. The chief work performed in the service room is at night, when the light is going and the keepers on duty. The lantern is a large, cylindrical structure, surrounded by a series of glass panes, and is supported by a framework of iron.

The glass apparatus by which the effect of each burner is augmented and economized, consists of two twelve-sided drums, each six feet in height and each side or panel of which is formed by a central lens or bulb's eye and surrounded by concentric rings of larger bulb's eyes, so that the same effect is obtained as though a portion of one huge lens were employed. The two bulb's eyes of adjoining panels are brought close together, much resembling two eyes squinting; and on the rotation of the drums, with the inside central light burning, each bulb's eye and its surrounding rings carry round a concentrated beam of light, which becomes visible to the outside observer as soon as the focus of the bulb's eye falls upon him. A very short interval occurs between the flash of the first bulb's eye and that of the second, and after two such flashes nearly half a minute elapses before another pair of squinting eyes comes round and discharges the two flashes; and thus is obtained the distinctive light of the Eddystone. The two drums are superimposed, with a lamp in each, so that in foggy weather, when both act together, a double lighting power is procurable.

The anomalous round of duties carried on day by day so far away from their fellow men invariably induces, after the first month, acute depression of spirits, the attack lasting from twelve to twenty-four hours, and work being temporarily impossible, the sufferer remains in his berth until the sickness moderates, his mates filling his duties meanwhile. Every month (weather permitting) a relieving vessel goes out to the lighthouse, taking the men ashore and bringing back the keeper, who has completed his three months, but it frequently happens that the weather upsets their calculations, when communication by signal alone can be effected. In fine weather each man is on duty four hours and eight hours off, but when the atmosphere is thick there is double duty to perform, two men being on watch at the same time.

At dusk the lamp is lighted, so I accompany the keeper into the interior of the glass drum, and observe how, with a spring grip, he raises the lamp chimney and lights the wick, and, being still daylight, the illumination is not brilliant, although it increases in brightness as night comes on. The next proceeding is to wind up the gear which rotates the drums, and as the weight to be lifted is equal to a ton, and the operation lasts about an hour, it is somewhat fatiguing.

On a fine summer's day it is delightfully quiet in the lantern; but there are times, as the fury of the tempest beats upon the massive tower and the blinding flash of lightning permeates every apartment, when the men in their solitude cannot fail to be impressed by the mighty power and majesty of nature's forces. It was a terrible experience, ever to be remembered by the lightkeepers, when, on the night of the blizzard in March, 1891, the lantern was partly imbedded in snow, entirely obscuring the light on one side, and effectually blocking up the exit. The storm was of such severity that nothing could be done to clear away the obstruction till the next morning, when the tempest had abated.

A Dainty Little Buttercup.

A dainty and fascinating little creature monopolized much of the attention of the occupants of the revolving stand near the Worth monument on Decoration Day. It was a human buttercup—a little girl not more than five years old attired from top to toe in the golden hues of the buttercup. Her little frock of silken texture glistened in the sunlight like a real dew laden buttercup. Her tiny shoes were golden in color, and on the spittle's curly head was a jaunty little hat of yellow covered all over with buttercups. A sweet and roguish face peeped from beneath the hat, and the restless activity and continuous prattle of the child gave some of the occupants of the stand more pleasure than did the procession.

Small Island.

The smallest sea island on record is nine feet across.

TREADING WATER.

Something that Anybody Can Do Without Any Previous Practice.

The easiest position that a man, a woman, or a child can assume in water is to float perpendicularly, says Harper's Young People. Any person, without any previous practice, can tread water, and indeed, tread it for a long time. It should keep his hands below the surface of the water, his lungs inflated, and his feet moving up and down as in walking. Let the "man overboard" throw his hands and arms out of the water, let him raise an outcry whereby the air is expelled from the lungs, and he will sink to the bottom. The trouble is that nine people out of ten lose their presence of mind when they are in water out of their depth for the first time. If, instead of struggling and floundering about, they would do the slightest thing, there would not be the slightest danger of drowning right away.

Anyone can tread water in the first attempt. No preliminary teaching is necessary. Treading the water is simply walking into the water out of one's depth, with or without the aid of one's hands. The operation is not unlike running upstairs, and, if anything, easier. Truly any man, any woman, any child who can walk upstairs can walk in the water, and remember, on the first attempt, without any previous instruction or practice. Hence I say that persons really ignorant of the art of swimming are perfectly safe in water out of their depth. Very often you hear people exclaim: "Ugh, if this boat were to upset I'd drown, of course. I can't swim, you know."

Yes, but you can tread water. Most of us attach a wrong significance to the word "swim." Why should we mean one thing when a man swims and another or different thing when a dog swims? The dog cannot "swim" as a man swims, but any man can swim "dog fashion" instantly and for the first time. The animal has no advantage in any way in water over man; and yet the man drowns while the animal "swims." The dog, the horse, the cow, and even the cat all take to the water, and are able to walk as they do when out of water. Throw a dog into the stream, and at once he begins to walk, just as he does on dry land. Why should a man, woman, or child act differently under like circumstances?

It seems strange that people have to be told to do what the animals do instinctively and instantly. Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is remarkable. It is a popular notion abroad that in some way the dog and the animals have an advantage over man in water. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advantage lies with man, who is provided with a paddle-formed hand, and knows enough to float when tired—something the animal rarely or never does. Next to treading water, floating on the back is the easiest thing to do in water. This consists in lying flat on the back, head thrown well back, the lungs inflated, the limbs extended but flexible, the hands held close to the ears, the hands over the head. The majority of people are able to sustain themselves in the water, prefer to float in a horizontal position rather than in a perpendicular manner. Both positions are much better, in fact much safer, than the attitude that we assume in swimming. I have found it so. One day in a rough surf I was nearly strangled with a sudden swallow of water, and had I not been able to float, the result might have been disastrous.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The Historic Relic Will Be Exhibited at the World's Fair.

It is proposed to bring to Chicago for exhibition at the World's Fair the log cabin which is believed to have been the home of Uncle Tom, one of the characters in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It is not a matter of certainty that the log hut is the identical cabin of Uncle Tom, but many who have examined into



UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

its history claim it to have been the abode of the now historic Uncle Tom. The cabin stands in the midst of a cotton field in a plantation on the Red River, in Louisiana. It is 18x18 feet, nine logs high, with a pitch roof. The whole structure is of cypress, and the roof is covered with rough-sawn cypress boards fastened on with nails made at the plantation blacksmith shop. All of the material is yet sound, and the whole cabin is intact except the flooring of the loft, which has been removed, although the beams still remain. It has not been used for any purpose for twenty years.

The Heat of the Sun.

How hot is the sun? That is a question that astronomers and physicists have been trying for years to solve, and they are not yet satisfied that they know the true answer. In fact, it may be said, they are certain they do not know it, although they are able to report progress from time to time in the direction of the truth.

The most recent trustworthy investigation is that of M. De Chasteller, who fixes the effective temperature of the sun at 12,600 degrees Fahrenheit. It may, he thinks, be either hotter or colder, than that figure indicates, to the extent of 1,500 degrees either way.

Previous to this investigation of M.

De Chasteller's temperature of the sun had been fixed at 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit by Rosetti, and that result was looked upon by many leading astronomers as probably the nearest to the actual facts of any that had yet been obtained.

It will be noticed that the latter estimate takes off several thousand degrees, but this is a trifle compared with the falling off from the estimate of the temperature of the sun made by some of the earlier investigators. The celebrated Sechi at one time maintained that the solar temperature was not less than eighteen million degrees Fahrenheit, but he himself afterward found reasons for dropping down to 250,000 degrees. Such estimates of the sun's temperature as 100,000, and 50,000 degrees were favorably regarded a few years ago.

If M. De Chasteller's result is approximately correct, then we can, perhaps, begin to get something like a comprehension of the heat of the solar furnace, since it approaches comparison with temperatures that we can produce artificially. The highest artificial temperature has been estimated by Professor Young at about 4,000 degrees Fahrenheit. But it must be remembered that there are certain arbitrary assumptions, which may or may not be correct, involved even in the most careful investigations of this subject, and that, at any rate, the sun is undoubtedly much hotter underneath than it is at its glowing and visible surface.

Honesty that Paid.

A score or more of cash boys employed in a dry goods store organized a strike. They wanted an increase of 50 cents a week in their pay and the abatement of two or three objectionable rules relative to fines. The determination to strike was unanimous, and each boy was taken into the remotest corner of the cellar under the store and made to swear "upon honor" that he would not back out of the movement until the objects sought were attained. A day or two before the day fixed for the strike a mousing porter caught three of them together in the cellar, and his threats to report them for trying to steal frightened them into telling their secret. Disregarding their pleas to keep quiet the porter went directly to the superintendent and exposed the plot. That night all the cash boys were summoned before the superintendent after the store had been closed.

"If there is to be any striking," said he, "I propose to strike first. Now I want every boy who is pledged to this movement to step forward." Only one boy came forward, and he was the most industrious and trustworthy in the store. Each of the other boys, being questioned denied any complicity in the proposed strike. The superintendent was a shrewd man. He soon ascertained all the facts and found that the one plucky boy proposed to stand by his strike oath until the objects sought were attained.

"Well, very well," said the superintendent, "dry as you are the only one on strike. I will concede to you all you ask."

The Waste of Coal.

A writer in an English journal computes that when a steamship propelled by engines of 12,000-horse power carries 300 passengers across the Atlantic, each of those passengers has at his service the equivalent of twenty-four horses working day and night throughout the voyage. To this must be added the labor of a whole army of employees—the crew, officers, stewards and miscellaneous servants—and taking the sum total into consideration, the writer referred to cannot be blamed for pronouncing the present a highly extravagant age. Twenty-four horses is certainly a luxurious team for a single individual; yet that is what his share of the coal consumption represents when a swift steamer of the modern type conveys him from New York to Liverpool. And remembering the further fact that when the earth has given up its long-hidden store of coal there is no more to be had at any price—for coal is not growing while men are burning it—the lesson is an obvious one that some economy ought to be practiced in this regard. Obvious, but perfectly futile. There being, it may be safely assumed, coal enough to keep the present generation going, however rapidly and voluptuously it may live and move, nothing is more certain than that it will use its resources to the utmost. Posterity must take what coal is left. But possibly posterity may find a more excellent way, and leave the remnant of coal, if there is any, to geologists and antiquarians.

How Nature Makes Silver.

The process by which nature forms such accumulations of silver are very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These aqueous solutions take up small particles of the precious metal which they find scattered here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set a-bubbling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally, heat assists the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time, perhaps thousands of years, until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crystals permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a myriad hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future bonanza for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.—Minerals.

Can't Satisfy Him.

"No," said the housemaid, "I don't apologize to a man when I throw a bucket of water down the front steps to wash 'em and he comes along and gets drenched. I've tried apologizing, but I've found there's nothing you can say to a man will satisfy him."—New York Post.

EVADING THE PROCLAMATION.

Steamship Companies Believed to Be Smuggling in Immigrants.

When the President prohibited by proclamation at the time of the cholera scare the landing of immigrants people generally thought immigration had ceased. Steamship companies which make a feature of cabin passages flooded the port of Americans traveling in Europe with the assurance: "No steerage carried." Some of the lines claimed that partitions in the steerage of boats had been removed and the space utilized for freight. None of the steerage class of travelers was carried for a few



A SPECIMEN "SECOND-CLASS" PASSENGER.

weeks, but suddenly second-class passengers increased in remarkable numbers. Ostensibly the second-class rates were not lowered, but careful observers declare it absurd to suppose that many of the alleged second-class passengers now flocking to America could pay the regular second-class rate. "Second-class" passengers include hundreds of as strangely and poorly clad people as the old-time steerage ever did. Women in wooden shoes and no headwear, and men in dirt and queer clothing how travel "second-class." The accompanying illustration was taken by a New York World man from life below the deck of the Maasdam. None of the passengers who saw the class of persons in the quarters, where a new sign "second-class" was prominent, could see any difference in their appearance from ordinary steerage. Travelers say all companies are equally blamable.

Shrinkage of Hay.

There is no fixed or established amount of water in hay; but the quantity varies with circumstances. Farmers, deciding according to their judgment, differ in the amount of drying to which they would subject the drying grass. The more nearly the grass ripens, the freer from water it commonly becomes. In a dry, hot summer it is usually found dryer than in a wet season. It made quite dry it would not lose much, if any, in weight, the next spring. Where weighing has been frequently practiced it has been found actually to increase in weight as the weather becomes more moist in autumn after a dry summer. The amount of loss of water would vary with the mode of stowing it away. If in small and loose masses it would dry or become heavier faster than when placed in a large and solid stack, or if packed away solid in a large barn. Farmers who have weighing scales (which every farmer should possess) may easily settle such questions by weighing single loads when the hay is made, and the mass again in autumn, or during the following winter or spring. As a general rule it may be laid down that the same quantity of hay is lighter in April than in the previous August; and although the weight is subject to various fluctuations, on the whole it becomes lighter in time, but less so than many farmers suppose.—Country Gentleman.

A Suggestion as to Darnings.

An exchange says the great difficulty in mending lies in darning the edges together in good shape, and suggests as a good plan to buy some net lace, such as is used for canopies or draperies or for darning in patterns. If when the knees of children's garments wear thin a bit of this lace is based on the under side and carefully darned down on the outside with fine thread or yarn, the color of the fabric the garment will wear almost as long again. A piece of fine net darned down on the wrong side of a tablecloth will save a large rent, and will scarcely show. A careful housekeeper, who believes that waste of anything is almost a crime, need not be deterred from darning thin places in towels. It is surprising how much longer they will wear, and how easy the work is. Cut the lace in a square, if possible to use it that way; lay it smoothly on the goods, and with a long needle and very soft thread, following the meshes of the lace in and out, each mesh alternating, until the edges are sewed fast. Be careful not to take the stitches through to the right side, at least if it is desirable not to have the patch show through. Then a few judiciously distributed runnings down on the right side of the goods, being very careful to follow the grain of the fabric, and make a short stitch on the right with a long stitch on the wrong side.

The Father of Lies.

Gen. Ignatieff, the ex-Ambassador of Russia at Constantinople, used to be known as "The Father of Lies" while stationed at the Turkish capital. Apropos of this sobriquet, the present Czar on one occasion inquired of the General at a court ball whether it was true that he had earned for himself at Constantinople the nickname of "Father of Lies." "Yes," replied the General, "in the service of your Majesty." Whereat the Czar laughed and patted the General in a friendly fashion on the shoulder.

A St. Louis Paper.

A St. Louis paper, after remarking that Chicago had a flag of terra-cotta tint made for the Columbian festival, says that it will come into good play when the name of the Windy City is mud.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Tea-Table Talk.

EVERY woman who marries becomes a sort of amateur detective.—Aitchison Globe.

The ascent of the balloon is generally a sore point with the aeronaut.—Binghamton Leader.

ABOUT all the average drunkard has to support him is a lean on a lamp-post.—Dallas News.

The mariner who scours the sea in all sorts of weather needs a great deal of sand.—Lowell Courier.

THE man who does not comb his hair looks best with a chrysanthemum in his button-hole.—Picaunce.

WHEN a man undertakes a piece of ticklish business he never feels like laughing.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OUR "hopeful" called his schoolmistress "Experience," because she's such a "dear teacher."—Boston Courier.

"I feel quite justified in claiming to be a man of deep research," said the submarine diver.—Washington Star.

SPORTS—Is McQuick, the sprinter, an amateur? Known—Yes—siree.—a regular professional amateur.—New York Weekly.

WIFE—Why do you buy such a lot of stamps at once? Husband—So there'll be a few that won't get stuck together.—New York Weekly.

CLARA—What shall I sing for you, Jack? Jack—Have you a song with a refrain? Clara—Yes. Jack—Well, then, please refrain.—Wonder.

NEARLY every man who is a fool has a faint suspicion of it, but in trying to prove that he is not, a fool he gets in deeper.—Aitchison Globe.

JACSON says that "never trust a man till you know him" is good advice, but you never know some men till you trust them.—Elmira Gazette.

THE Deacon—Do you know what happens to boys who tell lies? Small youth—Yes. They get off most times, if they tell good ones.—Life.

GEORGE—I'm afraid Ethel doesn't love me any more. Jack—What makes you think so? George—Last night she introduced me to her chaplain.

THE speed of railway trains is being brought to a point where even people on bridal tours regard the tunnel as a nuisance.—Washington Star.

THE medical men say that kleptomania is a disease. We have observed that its victims are always taking something for it.—Binghamton Leader.

"A FINE collection of coins" is what the judge remarked when the prisoner had paid his \$10 all in silver, nickels and coppers.—Yonkers Statesman.

By serving ox-tail soup at the beginning of dinner and providing calf's head jelly for dessert, a housekeeper can manage to make both ends meet.—Picaunce.

SCHOOL TEACHER—"Why were the prisoners who were executed called 'poor sinners'?" Scholar—"Because rich sinners always get off."—Der Hausfreund.

MOTHER—So you wish my daughter for your wife? He (gallantly)—Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law.—Detroit Free Press.

OLD FRIEND (playfully)—And so you married a Boston girl? Can you always understand her when she talks? Mr. Gotham—Um—no when she talks to the baby.

The addition of a letter changes the appropriate song of the season. "T is now 'Meet me at the grate, love.' The gate is looked for the winter season.—Lancaster Examiner.

"WELL," said the good-natured man, as he sat in the restaurant, "that is a most accommodating waiter. He probably thinks I am not hungry and is waiting for me to get an appetite."—Washington Star.

LAWYER—The witness will now please state his contention. You raise chickens, do you not? Rustus H. Clay (with marked emotion)—Deed I doesn't, yo' honah, only once, an' den I clean forgot myself.—Chicago News Record.

THE GROOM—You look envious, old man? The best man—I am. The groom (happily supposing he is the envious one)—Of whom? The best man—Of the minister. You say you are going to give him a hundred.—Brooklyn Life.

HERE is a suggestion worth noting: In many cases, instead of announcing a woman's good deed with the text, "She hath done what she could," quote as fitting a text would be, "She hath done what she thought she couldn't."—Chicago Standard.

Mrs. Proffers—How is your son getting along, Mrs. Muggs? Mrs. Muggs—Fine. He's making money hand over fist as a champion bicycle rider.

"But what will he do when that fat wears out?" By that time he expects to be doubled up so that he can travel round as a freak.—Street & Smith's Good News.

An Elephant's Fear of a Mouse.

One of the keepers of the Zoo, whose experience with the larger animals has been quite varied, in speaking of the elephant, said: "While it has no fear of the powerful Bengal tiger or the Numidian lion, at the first sight of the most diminutive creature it will shrink from it and tremble all over from the most abject fear. I remember well, years ago, one of the largest and most brutal elephants we had in the Zoological Garden, while feeding one day in its quarters, discovered a mouse which was lurching in a corner on some of the provender, and the scare it gave to the elephant, and the way it shook and carried on for a few minutes was a sight to look at. The mouse seemed entirely composed in the presence of such a mastodon, and satisfied its appetite fully before retiring. The elephant gave its ill-natured visitor a wide berth during its stay.—Philadelphia Press.

**Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the
Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.**

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

EIGHT MEET DEATH.

FEARFUL COLLISION ON THE GREAT NORTHERN.

Blaine's Death Believed to Be Near at Hand—Cattle Perish, but Wheat Flourishes in Western Snow Storm—An Ocean Terror.

Crushed and Burned.
A frightful accident occurred on the Great Northern Railroad Sunday, in which eight men were killed and five seriously injured. A work train, en route from the west, was on the main track with a number of cars. An east-bound freight was due, and had ordered to side-track for a passenger train. There is a heavy grade west of the station, and the speed was great to stop. The freight struck the passenger train, and threw it on top of the next car, both being set on fire. There were fourteen men in the engine. One jumped off, five were hurt, and eight were killed, three being burned beyond recognition and one totally burned, not a sign of his remains being found.

NEAR TO DEATH.

Mr. Blaine's Illness So Grave that His Death May Occur Tomorrow.

Mr. Blaine's illness is so grave that his death may occur tomorrow. An alarming sinking spell Sunday forenoon reduced his vitality to a low ebb. Powerful heart stimulants revived him enough so that it could be said at midnight that death was not close at hand, and that Mr. Blaine was comfortable and conscious of his surroundings. But the beginning of a new day came with the appearance of the dreaded sinking spells. The physicians give his family absolutely no hope. How long he may linger none can tell. Mr. Blaine is at his Washington home, surrounded by his family.

LARGE GOLD EXPORTS.

Much Apprehension Caused in the Speculative Markets.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says:

The shipment of more than \$5,000,000 gold to Europe has caused some natural apprehension in speculative markets. It is true that the gold is being sent to Europe for various reasons, but it is not without significance. The gold is being sent to Europe for various reasons, but it is not without significance. The gold is being sent to Europe for various reasons, but it is not without significance.

GOOD AND EVIL IN THE STORY.

Northern Range Cattle Will Suffer, but Kansas Wheat Will Flourish.

The northwestern part of Nebraska, Northern Wyoming and South Dakota are wrapped under a white robe of snow, ranging from one to three feet deep and still it is snowing, with no sign of abating. The snow is very heavy and the loss of stock will probably be great. The snow is very heavy and the loss of stock will probably be great. The snow is very heavy and the loss of stock will probably be great.

Long Cruise of a Derelict.

The most remarkable derelict mentioned in the records of the U. S. Marine Corps.

has been found in the Gulf of Mexico. It was found on the 15th of January, 1901, by the U. S. Marine Corps. It was found on the 15th of January, 1901, by the U. S. Marine Corps. It was found on the 15th of January, 1901, by the U. S. Marine Corps.

Mexico Impatient.

A dispatch from Monterey, Mexico, says:

The Mexican Government will demand of President Harrison that he take decisive steps toward breaking up and wiping out the bands of revolutionaries that have their rendezvous in United States territory. The Mexican Government will demand of President Harrison that he take decisive steps toward breaking up and wiping out the bands of revolutionaries that have their rendezvous in United States territory.

Captain Borup Victim.

The death of Captain J. D. Borup, Ordnance Department, is a tragedy.

in connection with the exhibition of the army Ordnance Department. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy. It was a tragedy.

Restrict Immigration.

The New York World prints the result of its efforts to ascertain from Governors of various States in the Union their views regarding the moving question of immigration.

From the East, West, North, and South restriction of immigration is urged. From the East, West, North, and South restriction of immigration is urged. From the East, West, North, and South restriction of immigration is urged. From the East, West, North, and South restriction of immigration is urged.

Pasenger and Freight Trains Collide.

On the Cincinnati Southern Railroad the Florida limited collided with a freight train, causing a very bad wreck, but no lives were lost.

General Rosecrans Greatly Improved.

General Rosecrans continues to improve visibly. He is about his room and appears to have regained his normal health.

Killed a Third Party Leader.

A special from Sparta, Ga., says a shooting affray occurred on the streets of that place.

Dr. Gilmore, who wrote the third party political letters under the nom de plume of "Zollus," was killed. "Dude" West, a member of the Legislature, was shot in the arm. Ed Brown, assistant marshal in the town of Sparta, was shot in the groin. Gilmore's sons were engaged in the shooting.

Susan B. Anthony Given an Office.

Mrs. Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, the well-known suffrage advocate, was appointed manager of the State Industrial School by Gov. Flower.

MR. BLAINE MUCH BETTER.

His Physician and Family Stronically Deny that He Is Near Death's Door.

Washington dispatch: Dr. W. W. Johnson, Mr. Blaine's physician, states that there is no danger of death. He says Mr. Blaine is dying. The doctors say that so far as Mr. Blaine's condition being critical, the fact is that when he left his bed, feeling very comfortable, and there has been no danger of death. The statement of Mr. Blaine's condition received confirmation from Mr. J. Manley, of Augusta, Me., his close friend, who before leaving Washington had a chat with the ex-Secretary, and said that he left him disengaging plans for going away to some point not yet determined. The rumors as to Mr. Blaine being very low are supposed to have arisen from two facts that his daughter, Mrs. Danvers, has come from New York to see him, and are believed to have originated in New York. Mr. Blaine's case is no longer a matter of public interest, and the four is becoming general that he is suffering from some severe organic trouble. The family have determined to remove him to a warmer and less changeable climate if he becomes strong enough to endure the journey.

CANADA AFTER TRADE.

Developing Relations with South America and Other Countries.

According to an Ottawa Out, dispatch one of Mr. Rowell's first efforts as Minister of Trade and Commerce will be in the direction of developing Canada's trade relations with South America and Australia. Government agents are to be appointed. Minister of Finance Foster, who has initiated the treaty now in progress between France and Spain, says that he has every confidence in the success of the movement being able to extend Canada's trade relations in that direction to meet any possible deficiency or shrinkage in the exports from Canada to the United States. The duty now of negotiating commercial treaties between Canada and foreign countries will be assigned to the Minister of Trade and Commerce. Ministers will be dispatched at once to the central points of commerce in the West Indies, as well as to South American points, with a view of securing new trade. The minister will enter into closer relations with those countries which with the United States has entered into commercial treaties.

HOW POPULISTS WILL VOTE.

Senator Kyle intimates that They Will Act with the Democrats.

Senators Sherman, Bacon, and Chandler, who were in New York City, said that the Senate contents now pending in certain Western States have returned to Washington. With their return comes the report that the representatives of the People's party in Congress will act with the Democrats. A dispatch says that already steps have been taken to strengthen the friendship between the Democrats and the Populists in the House and Senate. Senator Kyle, the recognized leader of the Populists in Congress, was asked if he intended to vote with the Democrats in the reorganization of the Senate. He said he was not prepared to commit himself. Irreversibly on that subject. "But," said he, "since I have been a member of the Senate I have voted three times out of every ten with the Democrats. This is the common bond between our people and the Democrats."

FATAL CHECK-BOOKS.

They Implicate Rouvier and Others in the Panama Canal Scandal.

The evidence given before the Panama investigating committee by M. Thierce, of the Coullier firm of Thierce & Co., who exchanged with Baron de Rouvier twenty-six of their own checks for one drawn by the Panama Canal Company on the Bank of France for the sum of \$3,397,475 francs, led to the disclosure of a check-book. The paper to state that the stubs of the twenty-six checks that M. Thierce testified he had destroyed bore initials in the handwriting of Baron de Rouvier. It adds that among these initials were the names of M. Thierce, Emmanuel Arène and Jules Roche. In his testimony M. Thierce said that the stubs in question bore certain notes upon the charge of bribery may have been founded. He suggested that the committee call upon the directors of these banks, which professed to know what these notes were for further information.

Rivals Whitechapel.

Charles A. Benson, who, on March 21, 1900, was arrested by the military police at Fort Leavenworth, died in jail at Leavenworth, Kan., Thursday evening from wounds inflicted by his own hands. Benson's crime was one of the most cruel and revolting in criminal history. His end was fitting. It came after a desperate effort to murder his guard.

Glass Blowers Will Fight.

The United Green Glass Blowers' Association of the United States and Canada have decided to fight the glass industry.

in connection with the proposed new glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry. The association has decided to fight the glass industry.

Congressman Goodnight Dies.

Isaac H. Goodnight, Representative in Congress from the Third Kentucky District, was taken violently ill at his home in Franklin, and there is serious apprehension as to his condition.

Appointed Grosscup.

Peter S. Grosscup, of Chicago, has been appointed Judge of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, to succeed Judge Houghton, resigned.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Common to Prime, 4.25 to 5.00.

HOGS—Shipping Grades, 3.50 to 4.25.

SHEEP—Wool, 1.00 to 1.25.

WHEAT—No. 2, 4.25 to 4.50.

CORN—No. 2, 2.00 to 2.25.

RYE—No. 2, 1.00 to 1.25.

BUTTER—Choice Cream, 20 to 22.

POTATOES—New per bushel, 1.00 to 1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS.

CATTLE—Shipping, 3.25 to 3.50.

HOGS—Choice Light, 3.50 to 4.00.

SHEEP—Wool, 1.00 to 1.25.

WHEAT—No. 2, 4.25 to 4.50.

CORN—No. 2, 2.00 to 2.25.

RYE—No. 2, 1.00 to 1.25.

BUTTER—Choice Cream, 20 to 22.

POTATOES—New per bushel, 1.00 to 1.25.

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Common to Prime, 4.00 to 4.50.

HOGS—Shipping, 3.50 to 4.00.

SHEEP—Wool, 1.00 to 1.25.

WHEAT—No. 2, 4.25 to 4.50.

CORN—No. 2, 2.00 to 2.25.

RYE—No. 2, 1.00 to 1.25.

BUTTER—Choice Cream, 20 to 22.

POTATOES—New per bushel, 1.00 to 1.25.

SPRINGFIELD.

CATTLE—Common to Prime, 4.00 to 4.50.

HOGS—Shipping, 3.50 to 4.00.

SHEEP—Wool, 1.00 to 1.25.

WHEAT—No. 2, 4.25 to 4.50.

CORN—No. 2, 2.00 to 2.25.

WHAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

How, my little daughter, I am standing by my chair, is oft demanding.

"Tell me, mother, what your grandmother used to do."
"She had much time for reading, and much time for sewing."
"And she used to draw and paint on china, too?"
"No, my darling! Grandmother never had time for such endearing things. For she worked from morn until the setting sun."
"She would call the cows so early."
"Daisy! Daisy!"
"And the milk then would speedily be done."
"She would strain a milk and churn it; make a cheese and dilly turn it; make soft soap and brew the nicest currant wine."
"Dip the candles, nightly glowing, little knowing."
"And bestowing."
"Scarcely a thought on what as future light would shine."

CARD AND SPIN THE WHEEL.

Fill the wheel with words, and spin it. It will show you what you are worth.

And she raised her face, and wore her crown.

In a quivering she delighted, all invited.

None were slighted.

Or a prying and a hussy's bee combine.

"She raised goose and plucked each feather, but cloth and sewed together."

"Every strip, to make a home-made carpet."

And she limited every stocking, most plentiful working."

Oh, how she thought."

All the work that woman went through in a day."

NAN'S CHRISTMAS GUEST.

A great event occurred in the Curtis household when Nan took summer boarders.

When she first announced this intention the amazement of the assembled family was too great for words. The two smaller children gazed at her in wide-eyed wonder, and her father, when he at length found voice, remarked contemptuously:

"Who'll come up here in the back woods, I'd like to know?"

But Nan was not to be discouraged. "There is the mountain," she said, stantly, "and the fine air, and the pine woods; why wouldn't someone like just such a wild, lonely place as this?"

A newspaper had drifted to the Curtis farm the day before, and Nan, devouring it eagerly, chanced upon the advertisement for summer boarders set forth in its columns. The notice, which was in the form of a letter, was signed "The Mountain," and the address was "The Mountain, near the Curtis farm." Nan had been to the Curtis farm for some time, and she had been to the Curtis farm for some time, and she had been to the Curtis farm for some time.

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